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A Talk about the Good People

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And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

POE.

[Is there in the wide wide world a
Land and a Nation which are brought
to one's mind by this lovely and
mournful poem?—ED.]

AN INDIGNANT EXILE.

Minnesota.

DEAR SIR,—Stop sending the ALL IRELAND REVIEW when the time paid by the present subscription expires. The exile from Erin has had to force himself during the past ten years to keep up any interest in Irish affairs. Ireland whips creation as a monumental humbug. Absence from her shores, and living among a business people cause the son of Erin to be in exactly the same frame of mind as that now so ably shown by the *Leader*. If the sums devoted to liquor on the "old sod" were expended on the homes of the people, our American visitors would not return with their tales of Irish dirt, drunkenness, and beggary.—With best wishes, nevertheless, I remain,

R. C.

[DEAR "R. C."—If it must be so, farewell. The world is full of meetings and partings. I believe that God has not forgotten this lost land, and, in spite of what you say, don't think you will forget her.—ED.]

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the confusion, perhaps inseparable from the transference of books and general management out of the Provinces to Dublin, and into new and unaccustomed hands, I fear very much that many subscribers did not get the issues dated September 21 and September 28. I regret this the more because one of these numbers, September 28, contained my address to the "King's Irish," which was cardinal, illustrative, and explanatory, as it was one of the chief purposes with which this organ of opinion is being conducted.

I, therefore, very particularly request those who did not receive that number to write for it to the manager of the ALL IRELAND REVIEW, 56 Henry Street, Dublin, who will despatch it by return of post. Those who have not read that address have lost touch with us at a very vital point.

Also, I take this opportunity of apologizing for past defects of management arising from the difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of one man endeavouring to be at the same time Editor and Manager, especially as I had, too, upon my mind a great many other things far more troublesome and vexatious than the conduct of this little paper, both the editorship and the management of which have been to me more a relaxation and amusement than a labour. I have now an excellent manager, and believe that complaints on your side, in future, will be few and far between.

In my capacity of Manager, curiously enough, I used to receive a good deal of help as Editor; and what here follows I wrote in the hope of being able to secure a continuance of the same. Many subscribers when sending me their subscriptions took that opportunity of writing me letters quite simple, natural, and sincere.

These letters, though written to me privately, I often published appending an initial or a *nom-de-plume*. Professed literary people, those who have made or are making reputations for themselves almost never write simply, and never with the exquisite simplicity and beautiful spontaneity of those letters written to me personally by friends, and especially by women.

If you think I am misrepresenting, please turn to last week's issue, October 5; read again Scott's beautiful letter, and compare it with the published prose of any of our professed writers. You will at once perceive its superiority, for the professed literary man can never quite shake off the thought of himself, his reputation, his prior performances, &c., and so what his composition may gain in other respects it loses in the grand quality of naturalness and simplicity, so injurious is the consciousness of public exposure to the native refinement and delicacy of the mind. I am, myself, very conscious of this weakness in myself, viz., a tendency to pose—that sort of thing—in short not to be quite simple and natural, and am endeavouring to correct it.

Shortly after I began to publish this paper I received a long epistolary scolding from a pretty and clever young lady of the Intransigent way of thinking—or rather feeling—for I regard Intransigentism as rather an affair of the heart than of the head. The letter was very severe, but was so natural and spontaneous made in fact such good literature that I determined to print it—with permission. The following correspondence then took place between us.

EDITOR.

You are very severe: but I think your letter good literature. May I print it, appending only your initials?

INTRANSIGENTE.

Certainly not, print my private letter! I am sending you something for publication.

EDITOR.

I would rather have your letter. I shall only put an X at the foot, nobody will know.

INTRANSIGENTE.

No. People would know I wrote it. Am posting M.S., which contains the same things properly expressed.

The M.S., arrived in due course, and, as I fully expected, was as literature very inferior to the letter, so much so that I could not use it.

I am always pleased to get letters but would ask correspondents to write to me personally, thinking only of me and the things about which they write, and forgetting utterly the possibility, generally remote, of their letters being converted into copy. Praise and encourage, or rebuke and condemn as you feel inclined. All that I want is true feeling and sincere thinking expressed in simple language. Though in future you will ad-

dress your letters, enclosing cheques and orders to the Manager, you need not be afraid that he will read what you want to say to me. He has a great deal too much else to do. He will remove the enclosure and post on the letter to me, wherever I may be, north or south, for I believe I shall henceforth travel to and fro a good deal in Ireland, and perhaps beyond Ireland. Here now are two letters which came by this morning's post, each of which in its own way rings true. Besides helping me to make up readable matter for each number, such letters are often the means of bringing into activity thoughts and purposes which might otherwise remain for ever in a latent state. Both come to me from that great Transatlantic continent which is going to be the country of the future, and fulfil many prophecies.

A TALK ABOUT THE GOOD PEOPLE.

I was paying a visit to my sisters in County Wicklow when I met Mrs. O'Malley, or the Red Queen as my sisters liked to call her. The country people believed that she had a lucky hand, and though the village possessed a Jubilee nurse, who had been trained in the best hospitals, many a poor woman preferred Mrs. O'Malley's lucky touch. They said "she would have you up and about while the other nurse had only succeeded in making you turn in the bed." She was a large woman with clear blue eyes; one could imagine those eyes growing hard and stoney, but while she talked with me they were soft and clear, with a far away look in them. She was looking back into her girlhood for my benefit. We were talking about the fairy mounds, and I asked her if she had ever seen the fairies. She looked steadily at me and said, "would you believe in the fairies Miss?"

"Of course I would, did you ever see them?"

"I saw them when I was a girl, more than once."

"Well tell me about it."

"You would not think, Miss, from the way you see me living now that once I was a snug farmer's daughter; we had a lot of cows and farm land—there was a large family of us; but one after the other got married, and now the whole place has gone out of our family; yet, still it is known as Pat O'Malley's farm. I think this brother of hers drank the place out of his hands, though she did not say so. Well, Miss, some of my work was to bring the dinner to my brothers when they were working in the fields, and one day I was passing down a *boreen* or lane between the two fairy forts that were at the foot of one of our fields. I had just passed in between the hedges when I had to draw back on one side to make room for about fifty or sixty horsemen, who passed me as close as I am to you, and disappeared within the other fort. No, I was not afraid, Miss, they were grand horses, with fine big men upon them, and they took no notice of me."

"Why did you not go after them to see?"

"Oh, no, I would not do such a thing as that. I would not touch a blade of grass belonging to the fairies! As children we never played on the fairy fort. If you did anything they did not wish they would turn

the milk sour, or leave the corn empty, or some one would get sick or something. There were certain days we always put a pan of milk out that they might take what they wanted, and not go hungry."

"Then, you did not go and see?"

"No, Miss."

"Did you ever see them again?"

"Oh, yes; another time my brother and some men were out reaping, and we girls were going after them tying the corn in bundles. The men were gone, and we were leaving also; work was just stopped, and I could not believe my eyes when I looked back at the field—there were the men (as I thought) reaping away still. I turned to my brother and asked him did he not send them away, and he said, yes. As he did so, he looked back and, just turned to tell my sister to go on without us; but, when he turned back, they were all gone. We turned to go home again, and I looked back and there they were again! My brother said he would not grudge them what they would take—he would not turn back."

"What were they doing, Mrs O'Malley?"

"Oh, you know, Miss they sometimes make the heads of corn light."

"Did you ever hear fairy music, Mrs. O'Malley?"

"Oh, yes, very often, about five o'clock on a summer's evening it would begin playing, and my sister and I often listened to it."

"What kind was it? Like a melodian?"

"Oh, no, nicer than that; something like the pipes, only so light-hearted and gay. My sister was a wild slip of a colleen at that time, as wild a hare. One evening the music was so loud that she called to it if it would come down to the farm gate she would dance to it, and sure enough, Miss, it came down to the gate."

"And did she dance, Mrs. O'Malley?"

"Not at all Miss, we ran away."

"Why did she not dance? She should have."

"Oh, no; if she did the fairies would have danced her away."

"Not at all."

"Oh, but they would Miss."

"Well if they did, she would have seen things that no one else has, down in the Tiernanogue. Most likely."

The Red Queen smiled and looked across the fields at the shining sea.

"There's many a sight in Tiernanogue," she said. S. VARIAN.

THE YOUNG STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD, having got his head cut off—a remarkably fine head, too—for things said and done in Ireland has a place of his own in Irish history, and from that high scaffold in London still preaches to those who have ears to hear. Strafford said that Ireland was a conquered country, and being bold and determined acted in accordance with his theory until his way was barred by the grim and godly Puritans who sheared away his head for saying and doing such things in Ireland. It is on the record, and so stated in the death sentence passed upon him by the grim and godly. For the Parliament of England still regarded the Parliament of Ireland as a sister having equal rights with herself, and not as something that it might be good to eat.

The fundamental law of Ireland—the Law of Laws—was not an affair of ink and sheepskin; it was written again and again in letters of flame over all the Provinces, and bitten with steel into men's skins.

The compact of Cashel, dear B., was not "void *ab initio* at all," but terribly potent, active, and masterful. Give me a little time, and I shall sketch that outline, and remind you of great things forgotten.

But, to return, I want here to give a short account of Thomas Wentworth, while he was young, and before he began to travel in high and giddy places.

He was the eldest of a large family, and was only 21 or 22 years of age when his father died. He became at once the head of a great establishment. He had the spending of about £6,000 a year, in those times a very large income. He lived up to and sometimes a little beyond his income, discharging all the duties of his position, not only irreproachably, but with credit, as a great Yorkshire landlord, a master of many servants, and head of an ancient and much respected family. So from the time when he ceased to be a boy he had duties and responsibilities of a hundred kinds thrust upon him, and was, in a sense, ruler of men long before the King asked him to help in the ruling of England. He was a young man of a sanguine and buoyant temperament, very popular amongst the gentlemen of his county, very sociable, happy himself and the cause of happiness in others, good-natured and witty. He was, besides, a great reader, and the friends with whom he chiefly corresponded were studious and well-informed like himself. His love of books, I may remark, was inherited from his father, Sir William Wentworth, who took great pains with the education of his children. When Thomas succeeded to his father's place, he took upon himself this duty as well as others, and was very careful about the schooling of his young brothers, of whom there were several. Amongst them I may mention William, described as "sweet and staid," and much given to "historical learning;" John, of a more stirring disposition; and a fiery youngster called Michael, who afterwards gave Sir Thomas a good deal of trouble. I like to contemplate our young Strafford best in his character of a good brother. As long as he lived Wentworth-Woodhouse was as much the home of these youths as it was in the lifetime of their father. His kindness and generosity to the lads, mingled now and then with a truly fraternal style of rebuke, are very pleasant to see as exhibited in his numerous letters. To them he was always at the same time father and friend and brother. Their mother, the Lady Anne Wentworth, who survived her husband seems to have been a wise, gentle, and Christian lady, like her second son, William, "of a sweet and staid humour." By all that I can learn, Wentworth-Woodhouse, under the joint rule of Sir Thomas and his mother, seems to have been one of the happiest and most virtuous households in England.

As an indication of young Wentworth's brave spirit, his patriotism and fraternal affection, I quote one of his letters. Sir E. Sackville, going abroad to fight for the Elector Palatine, had, at the request of Sir Thomas, nominated as one of his captains the fiery and impetuous third brother Michael, already

alluded to. In the following letter Sir Thomas stands sponsor for his brother's bravery and fidelity, and certainly shows no slackness in the King's cause or penuriousness in fitting out the lad for his profession:—

"Thus far, I dare say, he will approve himself honest in your command, and as freely lay down his blood and life in your service as the meanest soldier in the company. For the gentlemen who are to bear office under him—viz., lieutenants and ancients—he expects your best pleasure therein. For the rest of the company, after you shall be pleased to let him know the number, we shall, God willing, provide such as shall give you contentment, and I myself will see both him and them furnished in such a manner as shall be suitable with others of his rank."

Observe how warmly he sympathizes with his brave young brother going to the wars for England's glory and the Protestant cause. Not Michael only, but he and Michael together would recruit the soldiers, and get good men for the company. England still has her doubts about Strafford, and seems to think with Macaulay that, though great and brave, he was bad. Perhaps so, but England has no doubts about the eminent Lord Burleigh. Contrast here with the foregoing letter Lord Burleigh's advice to his son Robert upon this same subject, that of a military career. Lord Burleigh wrote "Ten Commandments" for the use and behoof of his second son, Robert. The following passage occurs in the second of these astonishing new commandments:—

"Neither by my consent shalt thou train thy children up in warres, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man, or a good Christian." (Appendix to Nares' life of Lord Burleigh, vol. iii., p. 513.) What a voice whispering in a young man's ear out of the heroic age of Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney! The foregoing is, of course, cant. It is followed by the real reason of the advice. Soldiering, in Lord Burleigh's opinion, did not pay. Now, Burleigh died in the odour of sanctity, and devised to his sons "three hundred landed estates." Strafford died on the scaffold, his hereditary estate was confiscated, and his memory to this day is what we see. Truly, the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

THE CASTLE OF TRIM.

BY P. J. SHERIDAN.

(Continued.)

In 432 also, it is recorded St. Patrick founded St. Mary's—an abbey of Canons regular—dedicated to the Virgin Mary and built on a piece of ground given for that purpose by Feidhlimidh, son of Laoghaire, and grandson of Niall. St. Lomman, its first bishop, was succeeded by St. Foirtchern, grandson of Laoghaire; who surrendered it three days after to Cathald the Holy. In 1368 the Church of St. Mary was burnt, after which, it is supposed, the ruin now known as the Yellow Steple, was built.

The Abbey of Trim contained an image of the Virgin Mary through which many and great miracles were worked. In the fifteenth century the town was resorted to by afflicted from all parts—the blind, the dumb, and the crippled—strong in their faith of the